

PASQUIN.

A Dramatick

SATIRE on the TIMES:

BEING THE

REHEARSAL of TWO PLAYS, viz.

A COMEDY call'd,

THE ELECTION;

And a TRAGEDY call'd,

The LIFE and DEATH of

COMMON-SENSE.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE in the HAR-
MARKET.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

DUBLIN:

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PASQUIN

IN THE COURT OF THE

COMMONS OF THE

PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN

IN THE YEAR 1841

THE ELECTION

OF MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

FOR THE COUNTY OF

COMMERSE

BY HENRY



BY HENRY

OF THE

OF THE

BY GEORGE HARRIS
GEORGE HARRIS
VICTORIA

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Trapwit, }	<i>Authors.</i>	{	Mr. Roberts.
Fustian, }			Mr. Lacy.
Sneer-well, a Critick.			Mr. Machen.
Several Players, and Prompter.			

PERSONS in the COMEDY.

Lord Place,	{	<i>Candidates.</i>	{	Mrs. Charka.
Colonel Promise,				Mr. Freeman.
Sir Henry Fox-Chace,				Mr. Topham.
Squire Tankard,				Mr. Smith.
Mayor,				Mr. Jones.
Aldermen,				
Voters, &c.				

W O M E N.

Mrs. Mayorefs,	Mrs. Egerton.
Miss Mayorefs,	Miss F. Jones.
Miss Stitch,	Miss Burgess.
Servants, Mob, &c.	

PERSONS in the TRAGEDY.

Q. Common-Sense,	Mrs. Egerton.
Q. Ignorance,	Mr. Strensham.
Firebrand, Priest of the Sun,	Mr. Roberts.
Law,	Mr. Yates.
Physick,	Mr. Jones.
Ghost of Tragedy,	Mr. Pullen.
Ghost of Comedy,	Mr. Jones.
Third Ghost,	Mr. Wallis.
Harlequin,	Mr. Pullen.
Officer,	Mr. Pullen.
Messenger,	Mr. Wallis.
Drummer,	Mr. Lowder.
Attendants on Ignorance.	
Maids of Honour, &c.	

S C E N E, the Play-House.



PASQUIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Play-House.*

Enter several Players.

1st PLAYER.



HEN does the Rehearsal begin?
2d Player. I suppose we shall hardly Rehearse the Comedy this Morning; for the Author was Arrested as he was going home from King's Coffee-House; and, as I heard, it was for upwards of Four Pound: I suppose he will hardly get Bail.

1st Player. Where's the Tragedy-Author then? I have a long Part in both, and it's past Ten o'Clock.

Wom. Player. Ay, I have a Part in both too; I wish any one else had them, for they are not seven Lengths put together. I think it is very hard a Woman of my Standing, should have a short Part put upon her. I suppose Mrs. Merit will have all our principal Parts now, but I'm resolv'd I'll Advertise against her: I'll let the Town know how I am injured.

1st Player. Oh! here comes our Tragedy-Poet.

Enter Fustian.

Fust. Gentlemen, your Servant; Ladies, yours. I should have been here sooner, but have been obliged, at their own Request, to wait upon some half-dozen Persons of the first Quality with Tickets: Upon my Soul I have been chid for putting off my Play so long: I hope you are all quite Perfect; for the Town will positively stay for it no longer. I think I may very well put upon the Bills, *At the Particular Desire of several Ladies of Quality*, the first Night.

Enter Prompter.

Prompt. Mr. *Fustian*, we must defer the Rehearsal of your Tragedy, for the Gentleman who Plays the first Ghost is not yet up; and when he is, he has got such a Church-yard Cough, he will not be heard to the middle of the Pit.

1st Player. I wish you could cut the Ghost out, Sir; for I am terribly afraid he'll be damn'd, if you don't.

Fust. Cut him out, Sir? He is one of the most considerable Persons in the Play.

Prompt. Then, Sir, you must give the Part to some body else; for the Present is so lame he can hardly walk the Stage.

Fust. Then he shall be carried; for no Man in *England* can Act a Ghost like him; Sir, he was born a Ghost: He was made for the Part, and the Part writ for him.

Prompt. Well, Sir, then we hope you will give us leave to Rehearse the Comedy first.

Fust. Ay, ay, you may Rehearse it first, if you please, and Act it first too: If it keeps mine back above three Nights, I am mistaken. I don't know what Friends the Author may have—but if ever such Stuff, such damn'd, incoherent, senseless Stuff, was ever brought on any Stage——if the Audience suffer it to go thro' Three Acts——Oh! he's here.

Enter

Enter Trapwit.

Dear Mr. *Trapwit*! your most humble Servant; Sir, I read your Comedy over last Night, and a most excellent one it is; if it runs as long as it deserves, you will engross the whole Season to yourself.

Trap. Sir, I am glad it met with your Approbation, as there is no Man whose Taste and Judgment I have a better Opinion of. But, pray, Sir, why don't they proceed to the Rehearsal of your Tragedy? I assure you, Sir, I had much difficulty to get hither so early.

2d Player. Yes, Faith, I believe you had. [*Aside.*]

Fust. Sir, your Comedy is to be Rehears'd first.

Trap. Excuse me, Sir, I know the Deference due to Tragedy better.

Fust. Sir, I would not have you think I give up the Cause of Tragedy; but my Ghost being Ill, Sir, cannot get up without Danger, and I would not risque the Life of my Ghost on any Account.

Trap. You are in the Right on't, Sir; for a Ghost is the Soul of Tragedy.

Fust. Ay, Sir, I think it is not amiss to remind People of those Things which they are, now-a-days, too apt to disbelieve; besides, we have lately had an *Act* against Witches, and I don't question but shortly we shall have one against Ghosts. But come, Mr. *Trapwit*, as we are for this once to give the Precedence to Comedy, e'en let us begin.

Trap. Ay, ay, with all my Heart. Come, come, where's the Gentleman who speaks the Prologue? This Prologue, Mr. *Fustian*, was given me by a Friend, who does not care to own it till he tries whether it succeeds or no.

Enter Player for the Prologue.

Come, Sir, make a very low Bow to the Audience; and shew as much Concern as possible in your Looks.

PROLOGUE.

AS Crafty Lawyers, to acquire Applause,
 Try various Arts to get a doubtful Cause;
 Or, as a Dancing-Master in a Figg,
 With various Steps instructs the Dancing Prig;
 Or as a Doctor writes you different Bills;
 Or as a Quack prescribes you different Pills;
 Or as a Fidler plays more Tunes than one;
 Or as a Baker bakes more Bread than brown;
 Or as a Tumbler tumbles up and down,
 So does our Author, rummaging his Brain,
 By various Methods try to entertain;
 Brings a strange Groupe of Characters before you,
 And shews you here at once both Whig and Tory;
 Or Court and Country Party you may call 'em:
 But without Fear and Favour he will maul 'em.
 To you, then, mighty Sages of the Pit.

Trap. Oh! Dear Sir, seem a little more affected, I beseech you; advance to the Front of the Stage, make a low Bow, lay your Hand upon your Heart, fetch a deep Sigh, and pull out your Handkerchief.

To you, then, mighty Sages of the Pit ———

Prol. To you, then, mighty Sages of the Pit,
 Our Author humbly does his Cause submit.
 He tries to please ——— Oh! take it not amiss;
 And tho' he should be dull, Oh! do not Hiss;
 Laugh ——— if you can — if you cannot laugh — weep:
 When you can wake no longer ——— fall asleep.

Trap. Very well! Very well, Sir! You have affected me, I am sure.

Fust. And so he will the Audience, I'll answer for 'em.

Trap. Oh, Sir, you're too good-natur'd ——— but, Sir, I do assure you I had writ a much better Prologue of my own; but as this came *Gratis*, have reserv'd it for my next Play; a Prologue saved, is a Prologue got, Brother

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ther *Fustian*. But come, where are your Actors? Is Mr. Mayor and the Aldermen at the Table?

Prompt. Yes, Sir, but they want Wine, and we can have none from the Quaker's Cellar without ready Money.

Trap. Rat him! can't he trust till the Third Night? — Here, take Six Pence, and fetch Two Pots of Porter, put it into Bottles, and it will do for Wine well enough.

Fust. Ay, Faith, and the Wine will be as good as the Wit, I'll answer for it. [*Aside*.

Trap. Mr. *Fustian*, you'll observe I do not begin this Play like most of our Modern Comedies, with three or four Gentlemen who are brought on only to talk Wit; for to tell you the truth, Sir, I have very little, if any, Wit in this Play: No, Sir, this is a Play consisting of Humour, Nature, and Simplicity: It is written, Sir, in the exact and true Spirit of *Moliere*; and this I will say for it, that except about a Dozen, or a Score, or so, there is not one impure Joke in it. But come, clear the Stage, and draw the back Scene: Mr. *Fustian*, if you please to sit down by me.

Mayor and Aldermen discover'd.

Fust. Pray, Sir, who are these Characters?

Trap. Sir, they are Mr. Mayor of the Town and his Brethren, consulting about the Election.

Fust. Are they all of a side, Sir?

Trap. Yes, Sir, as yet; for you must know, Sir, that all the Men in this Borough are very sensible People, and have no Party Principles, for which they cannot give a good Reason; Mr. Mayor, you begin the Play.

Mayor. Gentlemen, I have summon'd you together to consider of proper Representatives for this Borough: You know the Candidates on the Court side are my Lord Place, and Colonel *Promise*; the Country Candidates are Sir Henry Fox-chase, and 'Squire Tankard; all worthy Gentle-

Gentlemen, and I wish with all my Heart we could chuse them all Four.

1st *Ald.* But since we cannot, Mr. *Mayor*, I think we should stand by our Neighbours; Gentlemen whose Honesty we are Witnesses of, and whose Estates in our own Neighbourhood render 'em not liable to be bribed.

Fust. This Gentleman, Mr. *Trapwit*, does not seem so unbiass'd in his Principles, as you represented him.

Trap. Pugh, Sir, you must have one Fool in a Play; beside I only writ him to set off the rest.

Mayor. Mr. *Alderman*, you have a narrow way of Thinking; Honesty is not confined to a County; a Man that lives a Hundred Miles off may be as Honest as him who lives but three.

All. Ay, ay, ay, ay. [Shaking their Heads.]

Mayor. Besides, Gentlemen, are we not more obliged to a Foreigner for the Favours he does us, than to one of our own Neighbours who has Obligations to us? I believe, Gentlemen, there is not one of us who does not Eat and Drink with Sir *Harry* at least twenty times in a Twelve-Month; now, for my part, I never saw or heard of either my Lord or the Colonel 'till within this Fortnight; and yet they are as obliging, and civil, and familiar, as if we had been born and bred together.

1st *Ald.* Nay, they are very civil, well-bred Men, that is the Truth on't; but won't they bring a Standing Army upon us?

Mayor. Mr. *Alderman*, you are deceived; the Country Party would bring a Standing Army upon us; whereas if we chuse my Lord and the Colonel, we shan't have a Soldier in Town. But, Mum, here are my Lord and the Colonel.

Enter Lord Place and Colonel Promise.

L. Place. Gentlemen, your most humble Servant; I have brought the Colonel to take a Morning's Whet with you.

Mayor.

Mayor. Your Lordship and the Colonel do us great Honour; pray, my Lord, be pleas'd to sit down; pray, Colonel, be pleas'd to sit. More Wine here.

Fust. I wish, Mr. *Trapwit*, your Actors don't get drunk in the first Act.

Trap. Dear Sir, don't interrupt the Rehearsal.

L. Place. Gentlemen, Prosperity to the Corporation.

Fust. Sir, I am a Well-wisher to the Corporation, and if you please will pledge his Lordship: Success to your Comedy, Mr. *Trapwit*. [Drinks.]

Trap. Give me a Glass, ——— Sir, here's to your Tragedy, — Now pray no more Interruption; for this Scene is one continual Joke, and if you open your Lips in it, you will break the Thread of the jest,

Mayor. My Lord, we are sensible of your great Power to serve this Corporation; and we do not doubt but we shall feel the Effect on't.

L. Place. Gentlemen, you may depend on me; I shall do all in my Power. I shall do you some Services which are not proper at present to mention to you; in the mean time, Mr. *Mayor*, give me leave to squeeze you by the Hand, in Assurance of my Sincerity.

Trap. You, Mr. that Act my Lord, Bribe a little more openly if you please, or the Audience will lose that Joke, and it's one of the strongest in my whole Play.

L. Place. Sir, I cannot possibly do it better at the Table.

Trap. Then get all up, and come forward to the Front of the Stage. Now, you Gentlemen that act the Mayor and Aldermen, range your selves in a Line; and you, my Lord, and the Colonel, come to one End, and Bribe away with right and Left.

Fust. Is this Wit, Mr. *Trapwit*?

Trap. Yes, Sir, it is Wit; and such Wit as will run all over the Kingdom.

Fust. But, methinks, Colonel *Promise*, as you call him, is but ill-named; for he is a man of very few Words.

Trap.

Trap. You'll be of another Opinion before the Play is over; at present his Hands are too full of Business; and you may remember, Sir, I before told you, this is none of your Plays, wherein much is said, and nothing done. Gentlemen, are you all Bribed?

Omn. Yes, Sir.

Trap. Then my Lord and the Colonel, you must go off, and make room for the other Candidates to come on and Bribe too.

[*Exeunt Lord Place and Colonel Promise.*]

Fust. Is there nothing but Bribery in this Play of yours, Mr. *Trapwit*?

Trap. Sir, this Play is an exact Representation of Nature; I hope the Audience will date the Time of Action before the Bill of Bribery and Corruption took Place; and then I believe it may go down; but now, Mr. *Fustian*, I shall shew you the Art of a Writer, which is, to diversify his Matter, and do the same thing several ways. You must know, Sir, I distinguish Bribery into two Kinds; the direct, and the indirect: the first you have seen already; and now, Sir, I shall give you a small Specimen of the other. Prompter, call Sir *Harry* and the 'Squire. But, Gentlemen, what are you doing? How often shall I tell you that the Moment the Candidates are gone out you are to retire to the Table, and drink and look wise; you, Mr. *Mayor*, ought to look very wise.

Fust. You'll take care he shall talk foolish enough, I warrant you.

[*Aside.*]

Mayor. Come, here's a Round to my Lord, and the Colonel's Health; a *Place*, and a *Promise*, I say; they may talk of the Pride of Courtiers, but I am sure I never had a civilier Squeeze by the Hand in my Life.

Trap. Ay, you have squeez'd that out pretty well; but shew the Gold at those Words, Sir, if you please.

Mayor. Sir, I have none.

Trap. Pray, Mr. *Prompter*, take care to get some Counters against it is acted.

Fust.

Fust. Ha, ha, ha! upon my Word the Courtiers have topt their Part; the Actor has out-done the Author; this Bribing with an empty Hand is quite in the Character of a Courtier.

Trap. Come, Enter Sir *Harry*, and the 'Squire; where are they?

1st Player. Sir, Mr. *Soundwell* has been regularly summoned, but he has refused to act the Part.

Trap. Has he been writ to?

1st Player. Yes, Sir, and here's his Answer.

Trap. Let both the Letters be produced before the Audience. Pray, Mr. *Prompter*, who shall we have to act the Part.

1st Player. Sir, I lik'd the Part so well, that I have studied it in hope of some time playing it.

Trap. You are an exceeding pretty young Fellow, and I am very glad of the Exchange.

Sir Har. Haloo, hark, forwards; hark, honest *Ned*, good Morrow to you; how dost, Master Mayor? What, you are driving it about merrily, this Morning? Come, come, sit down; the 'Squire and I will take a Pot with you. Come, Mr. *Mayor*, here's Liberty and Property, and no Excise.

Mayor. Sir *Harry* your Health.

Sir Har. What, wont you pledge me? Wont you drink, no Excise?

Mayor. I don't love Party Healths, Sir *Harry*.

All Ald. No no, no Party Healths, no Party Healths.

Sir Har. Say you so, Gentlemen? I begin to smoke you; your Pulses have been felt, I perceive: And will you be Bribed to sell your Country? Where do you think these Courtiers get the Money they bribe you with, but from you your selves? Do you think a Man, who will give a Bribe, won't take one? If you would be served faithfully, you must chuse faithfully; and give your Vote on no Consideration but Merit; for my part, I would as soon suborn an Evidence at an Assize, as a Vote at an Election.

Mayor. I do believe you, Sir *Harry*.

Sir Har.

Fust.

Sir Har. Mr. Mayor, I hope you receiv'd those three Bucks I sent you, and that they were good.

Mayor. Sir Harry, I thank you for them; but 'tis so long since I eat 'em, that I forgot the Taste.

Sir Har. We'll try to revive it, I'll order you three more to-morrow Morning.

Mayor. You will surfeit us with Venison. You will indeed; for it is a dry Meat, Sir Harry, a very dry Meat.

Sir Har. We'll find a way to moisten it, I'll warrant you, if there be any Wine in Town: Mr. Alderman *Stitch*, your Bill is too reasonable, you certainly must lose by it: Send me in half a Dozen more Great-Coats, pray; my Servants are the dirtiest Dogs! Mr. *Damask*, I believe you are afraid to trust me, by those few Yards of Silk you sent my Wife — she likes the Pattern so extremely, she is resolv'd to hang her Rooms with it — pray let me have a hundred Yards of it; I shall want more of you — Mr. *Timber* — and you Mr. *Iron*, I shall get into your Books too. —

Fust. Would not that getting into Books have been more in the Character of the Courtier, Mr. *Trapwit*?

Trap. Go on, go on, Sir.

Sir Har. That Gentleman interrupts one so — Oh, now I remember — Mr. *Timber*, and you, Mr. *Iron*, I shall get into your Books too; tho' if I do, I assure you I won't continue in them long.

Trap. Now, Sir, would it have been more in the Character of a Courtier? But you are like all our modern Criticks, who damn a Man before they have heard a Man out; when if they would but stay 'till the Joke came —

Fust. They would stay to hear your last Words, I believe. [*Aside.*

Sir Har. For you must know, Gentlemen, that I intend to pull down my old House, and build a new one.

Trap. Pray, Gentlemen, observe all to start at the Word *House*. Sir Harry, that last Speech again, pray.

Sir Har. For you, &c. — Mr. Mayor, I must have all my Bricks of you.

Mayor.

Mayor. And do you intend to rebuild your House, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. Positively.

Mayor. Gentlemen, methinks, Sir Harry's Toast stands still; will no Body drink Liberty and Property, and no Excise?

(They all drink and huzza.)

Sir Har. Give me thy Hand, Mayor; I hate Bribery and Corruption: if this Corporation will not suffer it self to be bribed, there shall not be a poor Man in it.

Mayor. And he that will deserves to be poor; for my part, the World should not bribe me to vote against my Conscience.

Trap. Do you take that Joke, Sir?

Fust. No faith, Sir.

Trap. Why, how can a Man vote against his Conscience, who has no Conscience at all?

1st Ald. Come, Gentlemen, here's a Fox-chace, and a Tankard!

Ommes. A Fox-Chace, and a Tankard! Huzza!

Sir Har. Come, let's have one Turn in the Market-Place, and then we'll to Dinner.

Mayor. Let's fill the Air with our repeated Cries Of Liberty and Property, and no Excise.

(Exeunt May. and Ald.)

Trap. How do you like that Couplet, Sir?

Fust. Oh! very fine, Sir!

Trap. This is the End of the first Act, Sir.

Fust. I cannot but observe, Mr. Trapwit, how nicely you have oppos'd 'Squire Tankard to Colonel Promise; neither of whom have yet utter'd one Syllable.

Trap. Why, you would not have every Man a Speaker, would you? One of a Side is sufficient; and let me tell you, Sir, one is full enough to utter all that the Party have to say for it self.

Fust. Methinks, Sir, you should let the Audience know they can speak, if it were but an *Ay*, or a *No*.

Trap. Sir, the Audience must know that already; for if they could not say *Ay* and *No*, they would not be qualified for Candidates.

Fust.

Fust. Oh! your humble Servant, I'm answer'd: But pray, Sir, what is the Action of this Play?

Trap. The Action, Sir?

Fust. Yes, Sir, the Fable, the Design?

Trap. Oh! you ask who is to be married! Why, Sir, I have a Marriage; I hope you think I understand the Laws of Comedy, better than to write without marrying somebody.

Fust. But is that the main Design to which every thing conduces?

Trap. Yes, Sir.

Fust. Faith, Sir, I can't for the Soul of me see, how what has hitherto past can conduce at all to that End.

Trap. You can't; indeed, I believe you can't; for that is the whole Plot of my Play: And do you think I am like your shallow Writers of Comedy, who publish the Banns of Marriage between all the Couples in their Play, in the first Act? No, Sir, I defy you to guess my Couple 'till the thing is done, slap all at once; and that too by an Incident arising from the main Business of the Play, and to which every thing conduces.

Fust. That will, indeed, surprise me.

Trap. Sir, you are not the first Man my Writings have surprised ——— But what's become of all our Players? Here, who begins the second Act? Prompter.

Enter 1st Player.

1st Player. Sir, the Prompter, and most of the Players, are drinking Tea in the Green-Room.

Trap. Mr. *Fustian*, shall we go drink a Dish of Tea with them? Come, Sir, as you have a Part in my Play, you shall drink a Dish with us.

1st Player. Sir, I dare not go into the Green-Room; my Salary is not high enough: I shall be forfeited if I go in there.

Trap.

Trap. Pshaw, come along; your Sister has Merit enough for her self, and you too; if they forfeit you, I'll warrant she'll take it off again.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Trapwit, Fustian, Prompter, *Lord* Place, *Mrs.* Mayorefs and *Miss.*

Trap. I Am afraid, *Mr. Fustian*, you have hitherto suspected that I was a Dabler in low Comedy: Now, Sir, you shall see some Scenes of Politeneſs and fine Converſation amongſt the Ladies. Come, my Lord, come, begin.

L. Place. Pray, *Mrs. Mayorefs*, what do you think this Lace coſt a Yard?

Fuſt. A very pretty Beginning of a polite Converſation truly.

Trap. Sir, in this Play I keep exactly up to Nature: Nor is there any thing ſaid in this Scene, that I have not heard come out of the Mouths of the fineſt People of the Age. Sir, this Scene has coſt me Ten Shillings in Chair-hire, to keep the beſt Company, as it is call'd.

Mrs. May. Indeed, my Lord, I cannot gueſs it at leſs than Ten Pounds a Yard.

L. Place. Pray, Madam, was you at the laſt *Ridotto*?

Fuſt. Ridotto! the Devil! a Country Mayorefs at a *Ridotto!* Sure that is out of Character, *Mr. Trapwit.*

B

Trap.

Trap. Sir, a Conversation of this Nature cannot be carried on without these Helps; besides, Sir, this Country Mayorefs, as you call her, may be allow'd to know something of the Town; for you must know, Sir, that she has been Woman to a Woman of Quality.

Fust. I am glad to hear that.

Mrs. May. Oh, my Lord! mention not those dear *Ridotto's* to me, who have been confined these twelve long Months in the Country; where we have had no Entertainment, but a Set of hideous, strolling Players; nor have I seen any one human Creature, till your Lordship came to Town; Heaven send us a controverted Election, then I shall go to that dear delightful Place once more.

Miss. Yes, Mama, and then we shall see *Faribelly*, the strange Man-Woman that they say is with child; and the fine Pictures of *Merlin's* Cave at the Play-Houses; and the Rope-Dancing, and the Tumbling.

Fust. By Miss's Taste I believe she has been bred up under a Woman of Quality too.

L. Place. I cannot but with Pleasure observe, Madam, the polite Taste Miss shews in her Choice of Entertainments; I dare swear she will be much admired in the *Beau Monde*, and I don't question but will be soon taken into Keeping by some Man of Quality.

Miss. Keeping, my Lord!

L. Place. Ay, that Surprise looks well enough in one so young, that does not know the World; but, Miss, every one now keeps, and is kept: There are no such Things as Marriages now-a-days, unless meerly *Smithfield* Contracts, and that for the Support of Families; but then the Husband and Wife both take in to Keeping within a Fortnight.

Mrs. May. My Lord, I would have my Girl act like other young Ladies; but she does not know any Men of Quality, who shall introduce her to 'em?

L. Place.

L. Place. That, Madam, must be your Part; you must take a House, and see Company; in a little while you may keep an Assembly, and play at Cards as high as you can; and almost all the Money that is won, must be put into the Box, which you must call, *Paying for the Cards*; tho' it is indeed paying for your Candles, your Cloaths, your Lodging, and in short every thing you have: I know some Persons who make a very considerable Figure in Town, whose whole Estate lies in their Card-Box.

Mrs. May. And have I been so long contented to be the Wife of a poor Country Tradesman, when I might have had all this Happiness?

Fust. How comes this Lady, Mr. *Trapwit*, considering her Education, to be so ignorant of all these things?

Trap. 'Gad that's true; I had forgot her Education, faith, when I writ that Speech; it's a Fault I sometimes fall into ——— a Man ought to have the Memory of a Devil to remember every little thing; but come, go on, go on ——— I'll alter it by and by.

L. Place. Indeed, Madam, it is a miserable State of Life; I hope we shall have no such People as 'Tradesmen shortly; I can't see any use they are of; if I am chose, I'll bring in a Bill to extirpate all Trade out of the Nation.

Mrs. May. Yes, my Lord, that would do very well amongst People of Quality, who don't want Money.

Fust. Again! Sure *Mrs. Mayorefs* knows very little of People of Quality, considering she has lived amongst them.

Trap. Lord, Sir, you are so troublesome ——— then she has not lived amongst People of Quality, she has lived where I please; but suppose we should suppose she had been Woman to a Lady of Quality, may we not also suppose she was turn'd away in a Fortnight, and then what could she know, Sir? ——— Go on, go on.

L. Place. A-lack-a-day, Madam, when I mention Trade, I only mention low, dull, mechanick Trade; such as the *Canaille* practise; there are several Trades reputable enough, which People of Fashion may practise; such are Gaming, Intriguing, Voting, and running in Debt.

Trap. Come, enter a Servant, and whisper my Lord [*Enter a Servant*] Pray, Sir, mind your Cue of Entrance. (*Exit Servant.*)

L. Place. Ladies, a particular Affair obliges me to lose so good Company ——— I am your most obedient Servant. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. May. He is a prodigious fine Gentleman.

Miss. But must I go into Keeping, Mama?

Mrs. May. Child, you must do what's in Fashion.

Miss. But I have heard that's a naughty thing.

Mrs. May. That can't be, if your Betters do it; People are punish'd for doing naughty things; but People of Quality are never punish'd; therefore they never do any naughty things.

Fust. An admirable Syllogism, and quite in Character.

Trap. Pshaw, dear Sir, don't trouble me with Character; it's a good thing; and if it's a good thing, what signifies who says it? ——— Come, enter the Mayor drunk.

Enter Mayor.

May. Liberty and Property, and no Excise, Wife.

Mrs. May. Ah! filthy Beast, come not near me.

Mayor. But I will tho'; I am for Liberty and Property; I'll vote for no Courtiers, Wife.

Mrs. May. Indeed but you shall, Sir.

Miss. I hope you won't vote for a nasty stinking Tory, Papa.

Mayor. What a-pox! are you for the Courtiers too?

Miss. Yes, I hope I am a Friend to my Country; I am not for bringing in the Pope.

Mayor.

Mayor. No, nor I an't for a Standing Army.

Mrs. May. But I am for a Standing Army, Sir; a Standing Army is a good thing: you pretend to be afraid of your Liberties and your Properties—You are afraid of your Wives and Daughters: I love to see Soldiers in the Town; and you may say what you will, I know the Town loses nothing by 'em.

Mayor. The Women don't, I believe.

Mrs. May. And I'll have you know, the Women's Wants shall be consider'd, as well as yours. I think my Lord and the Colonel do you too much Honour, in offering to represent such a Set of clownish, dirty, beggarly Animals.——Ah! I wish we Women were to chuse.

Mayor. Ay, we should have a fine Set of Members then, indeed.

Mrs. May. Yes, Sir, you would have none but pretty Gentlemen—there should not be one Man in the House of Commons without a lac'd Coat.

Miss. O Law! what a delicate, fine, charming Sight that would be! Well, I like a lac'd Coat; and if ever I am taken into Keeping, it shall be by a Man in a lac'd Coat.

Mayor. What's that you say, Minx? what's that you say?

Mrs. May. What's that to you, Sir!

Mayor. Why Madam, must not I speak to my own Daughter?

Mrs. May. You have the greater Obligation to me, Sir, if she is; I am sure, if I had thought you would have endeavour'd to ruin your Family, I would have seen you hang'd before you should have had any by me.

Mayor. I ruin my Family!

Mrs. May. Yes, I have been making your Fortune for you with my Lord; I have got a Place for you, but you won't accept on't.

Miss. You shall accept on't.

Mrs. May. You shall vote for my Lord and the Colonel.

Miss. They are the finest Men—

Mrs. May. The prettiest Men —

Miss. The sweetest Men —

Mrs. May. And you shall vote for them.

Mayor. I won't be brib'd —

Mrs. May. A Place is no Bribe — ask the Parson of the Parish if a Place is a Bribe.

Mayor. What is the Place?

Mrs. May. I don't know what the Place is; nor my Lord does not know what it is; but it is a great swinging Place.

Mayor. I will have the Place first, I won't take a Bribe, I will have the Place first; Liberty and Property! — I'll have the Place first. [Exit.

Mrs. May. Come, my Dear, follow me; I'll see whether he shall vote according to his Conscience, or mine.

I'll teach Mankind, while Policy they boast,

They bear the Name of Power, we rule the Roast.

Trap. There ends Act the Second. [Exeunt Mayorefs and Miss.] *Mr. Fustian,* I inculcate a particular Moral at the End of every Act; and therefore might have put a particular Motto before every one, as the Author of *Cesar in Egypt* has done; thus, Sir, my first Act sweetly sings, Bribe all, Bribe all; and the second gives you to understand, that we are all under Petticoat Government; and my third will — but you shall see — Enter my Lord Place, Colonel Promise, and several Voters. My Lord, you begin the third Act.

Enter Lord Place, Colonel Promise, and several Voters.

L. Place. Gentlemen, be assured, I will take care of you all; you shall all be provided for as fast as possible; the Customs and the Excise afford a great Number of Places.

1st Vat. Could not your Lordship provide for me at Court?

L. Place. Nothing easier; what sort of a Place would you like?

1st Vat. Is not there a sort of Employment, Sir, call'd — Beef-Eating? If your Lordship please to make me

me a Beef-Eater, I would have a Place fitted for my Capacity.

L. Place. Sir, I will be sure to remember you.

2d *Vot.* My Lord, I should like a Place at Court too; I don't much care what it is, provided I wear fine Cloaths, and have something to do in the Kitchen, or the Cellar; I own I should like the Cellar, for I am a devilish Lover of Sack.

L. Place. Sack, say you? Odso, you shall be Poet-Laureat.

2d *Vot.* Poet! no, my Lord, I am no Poet, I can't make Verses.

L. Place. No matter for that,—you'll be able to make Odes.

2d *Vot.* Odes, my Lord! what are those?

L. Place. Faith, Sir, I can't tell well what they are; but I know you may be qualified for the Place without being a Poet.

Trap. Now, my Lord, do you file off, and talk apart with your People; and let the Colonel advance.

Fust. Ay, faith, I think it is high Time for the Colonel to be heard.

Col. Depend upon it, Sir, I'll serve you.

Fust. Upon my Word the Colonel begins very well; but has not that been said already?

Trap. Ay, and if I was to bring a hundred Courtiers into my Play, they should all say it:—None of them do it.

3d *Vot.* An't please your Honour, I have read in a Book call'd *Fog's Journal*, that your Honour's Men are to be made of Wax; now, Sir, I have served my Time to a Wax-Work-Maker, and desire to make your Honour's Regiment.

Col. Sir, you may depend on me.

3d *Vot.* Are your Officers to be made of Wax too, Sir? because I would prepare a finer Sort for them.

Col. No, none but the Chaplain.

3d *Vot.* Oh! I have a most delicate Piece of black Wax for him.

Trap. You see, Sir, the Colonel can speak when military Affairs are on the Carpet; hitherto, Mr. *Fustian*, the Play has gone on in great Tranquility; now you shall see a Scene of a more turbulent Nature. Come, enter the Mob of both Sides, and cudgel one another off the Stage. Colonel, as your Business is not to fight at present, I beg you would go off before the Battle comes on; you, and your Brother Candidate, come into the middle of the Stage; you Voters, range your selves under your several Leaders. [*the Mob attempt to break in.*] Pray, Gentlemen, keep back; mind the Colonel's going off is the Cue for the Battle to enter. Now, my Lord and the Colonel, you are at the Head of your Parties. — but hold, hold, hold, you Beef-Eater, go you behind my Lord, if you please; and you, Soldier-Maker, come you behind the Colonel: Now Gentlemen speak.

L. Place. }
Col. Pro. } Gentlemen, we'll serve you.

[*My Lord and the Colonel file off at different Doors, the Parties following.*]

Enter Mob on each Side of the Stage, crying out promiscuously, Down with the Rump! no Courtiers! no Jacobites! down with the Pope! no Excise! a Place and a Promise! a Fox-Chase and a Tankard! At last they fall together by the Ears, and cudgel one another off the Stage.

Enter Sir Harry Squire, and Mayor.

Sir *Har.* Bravely done, my Boys, bravely done; faith our Party has got the Day.

Mayor. Ay, Sir Harry, at dry Blows we always come off well; if we could but disband the Army, I warrant we carried all our Points. But faith, Sir, I have fought a hard Battle on your Account; the other Side have secured my Wife; my Lord has promis'd her a Place, but I am not to be gull'd

gull'd in that Manner ; I may be taken, like the Fish in the Water, by a Bait ; but not, like the Dog in the Water, by a Shadow.

Sir Har. I know you are an honest Man, and love your Country.

Mayor. Faith that I do, *Sir Harry*, as well as any Man ; if my Country will but let me live by it, that's all I desire.

Fust. Mr. Mayor seems to have got himself sober very suddenly.

Trap. Yes, so would you too, I believe, if you had been scolded at by your Wife as long as he has ; but if you think that is not reason enough, he may be drunk still, for any reason that I see to the contrary : Pray, *Sir*, act this Scene as if you was drunk.

Fust. Nay, I must confess, I think it quite out of Character for the Mayor to be once sober during the whole Election.

Squire. [*Drunk.*] A Man that won't get drunk for his Country is a Rascal.

Mayor. So he is, noble Squire ; there is no Honesty in a Man that won't be drunk — a Man that won't drink is an Enemy to the Trade of the Nation.

Sir Har. Those were glorious Days, when honest *English* Hospitality flourish'd ; when a Country Gentleman could afford to make his Neighbours drunk, before your damn'd *French* Fashions were brought over ; why, Mr. Mayor, would you think it ? There are many of these Courtiers who have six starved Footmen behind a Coach, and not half a Hogshead of Wine in their House ; why, how do you think all the Money is spent ?

Mayor. Faith I can't tell.

Sir Har. Why, in Houses, Pictures, Lace, Embroidery, Nick-nacks, *Italian* Singers and *French* Tumblers ; and those who vote for them, will never get a Dinner of them after the Election is over.

Mayor. But there is a Thought comes often into my Head, which is this ; if these Courtiers be turn'd out, who shall succeed them ?

Sir Har.

Sir Har. Who? why we!

Squire. Ay, we!

Sir Har. And then we may provide for our Friends; I love my Country, but I don't know why I may not get something by it as well as another; at least to reimburse me. — And I do assure you, tho' I have not bribed a single Vote, my Election will stand me in a good Five Thousand Pounds.

Squire. Ay, and so will mine me — but if ever we should get uppermost, *Sir Harry*, I insist upon immediately paying off the Debts of the Nation.

Sir Har. Mr. *Tankard*, that shall be done with all convenient speed.

Squire. I'll have no delay in it, Sir.

May. There spoke the Spirit of a true *Englishman*: Ah! I love to hear the Squire speak, he will be a great Honour to his Country in foreign Parts.

Sir Har. Our Friends stay for us at the Tavern; we'll go and talk more over a Bottle.

Squire. With all my Heart; but I will pay off the Debts of the Nation.

May. Come to the Tavern then;

There while brisk Wine improves our Conversation,
We at our pleasure will reform the Nation.

Trap. There ends Act the Third.

[*Exeunt Sir Harry, Squire, and Mayor.*

Fust. Pray, Sir, what's the Moral of this Act.

Trap. And you really don't know?

Fust. No, really.

Trap. Then I really will not tell you; but come, Sir, since you cannot find that out, I'll try whether you can find out the Plot; for now it is just going to begin to open, it will require a very close Attention, I assure you; and the Devil take me if I give you any Assistance.

Fust. Is not the fourth Act a little too late to open the Plot, Mr. *Trapwit*?

Trap. Sir, 'tis an Error on the right Side; I have known a Plot open in the first Act, and the Audience, and

and the Poet too, forget it before the third was over ; now, Sir, I am not willing to burden either the Audience's Memory, or my own ; for they may forget all that has hitherto past, and know full as much of the Plot as if they remember'd it.

Prompt. Call Mr. Mayor, Mrs. Mayorefs, and Miss.

Enter Mr. Mayor, Mrs. Mayorefs, and Miss.

Mrs. May. Oh have I found you at last, Sir ? I have been hunting for you this Hour.

Mayor. Faith, my Dear, I wish you had found me sooner ; I have been drinking to the good old Cause with Sir Harry and the 'Squire ; you would have been heartily welcome to all the Company.

Mrs. May. Sir, I shall keep no such Company ; I shall converse with no Clowns, or Country Squires.

Miss. My Mama will converse with no *Jacobites*.

May. But, my Dear, I have some News for you ; I have got a Place for my self now.

Mrs. May. Oh, ho ! then you will Vote for my Lord at last ?

May. No, my Dear, Sir Harry is to give me a Place.

Mrs. May. A Place in his Dog-kennel ?

May. No, 'tis such a one as you never could have got me from my Lord, I am to be made an Ambassador.

Mrs. May. What, is Sir Harry going to change Sides then, that he is to have all this Interest ?

May. No, but the Sides are going to be changed ; and Sir Harry is to be ——— I don't know what to call him, not I, ——— some very great Man ; and as soon as he is a very great Man, I am to be made an Ambassador of.

Mrs. May. Made an Ass of ! Will you never learn of me, that a Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush ?

May. Yes, but I can't find that you had the Bird in Hand ; if that had been the Case, I don't know what

what I might have done; but I am sure any Man's Promise is as good as a Courtier's.

Mrs. May. Look'e Mr. *Embassador*, that is to be; will you Vote as I wou'd have you, or no? I am weary of Arguing with a Fool any longer; so, Sir, I tell you, you must Vote for my Lord and the Colonel, or I'll make the House too hot to hold you; I'll see whether my poor Family is to be ruin'd because you have Whims.

Miss. I know he is a *Jacobite* in his Heart.

Mrs. May. What signifies what he is in his Heart; have not a Hundred, whom every Body knows to be as great *Jacobites* as he, acted like very good Whigs? What has a Man's Heart to do with his Lips? I don't trouble my Head with what he thinks, I only desire him to Vote.

Miss. I am sure Mama is a very reasonable Woman.

Mrs. May. Yes, I am too reasonable a Woman, and have used gentle methods too long; but I'll try others.

[Goes to a Corner of the Stage, and takes a Stick.

May. Nay then, Liberty and Property, and no Excise!

[Runs off.

Mrs. May. I'll Excise you, you Villains.

[Runs after him.

Miss. Hey ho! I wish somebody were here now, would the Man that I love best in the World were here, that I might use him like a Dog.

Fust. Is not that a very odd Wish, Mr. *Trapwit*?

Trap. No, Sir; don't all the young Ladies in Plays use all their Lovers so? Should we not lose half the best Scenes in our Comedies else?

Prompt. Pray, Gentlemen, don't disturb the Rehearsal so; Where is this Servant? [Enter Servant.] Why don't you mind your Cue?

Serv. O, ay, Dog's my Cue. ——— Madam here's Miss *Stitch*, the Taylor's Daughter, come to wait on you.

Miss. Shew her in ——— What can the impertinent Flirt want with me? She knows I hate her too, for being

being of the other Party; however, I'll be as civil to her as I can.

Enter Miss Stitch.

Dear Miss! your Servant; this is an unexpected Favour.

Miss Stitch. I am sure, Madam, you have no Reason to say so; for tho' we are of different Parties, I have always coveted your Acquaintance. I can't see why People may not keep their Principles to themselves.

[*Aside.*

Miss. Pray, Miss, sit down. Well, have you any News in Town?

Miss Stich. I don't know, my Dear; for I have not been out these three Days; and I have been employ'd all that time in reading one of the *Craftsmen*; 'tis a very pretty one; I have almost got it by Heart.

Miss. [*Aside.*] Saucy, Flirt! she might have spared that to me, when she knows that I hate the Paper.

Miss Stich. But I ask your Pardon, my Dear, I know you never read it.

Miss. No, Madam, I have enough to do to read the *Daily Gazeteer*. My Father has six of 'em sent him every Week, for nothing; they are very pretty Papers, and I wish you would read them, Miss.

Miss Stich. Fie upon you; how can you read what's writ by an Old Woman?

Miss. An Old Woman, *Miss*?

Miss Stich. Yes, Miss; by Mrs. *Osborne* ——— Nay it is in vain to deny it to me.

Miss. I desire, Madam, we may discourse no longer on this Subject; for we shall never agree on it.

Miss Stich. Well then, pray let me ask you seriously — are you thoroughly satisfied with this Peace?

Miss. Yes, Madam, and think you ought to be so too.

Miss Stich. I should like it well enough, if I were sure the Queen of *Spain* was to be trusted.

Miss. [*Rising.*] Pray, Miss, none of your Insinuations against the Queen of *Spain*.

Miss Stich. Don't be in a Passion, Madam.

Miss.

Miss. Yes, Madam, but I will be in a Passion, when the Interest of my Country is at Stake.

Miss Stitch. [*Rising.*] Perhaps, Madam, I have a Heart as warm in the Interest of my Country as you can have; tho' I pay Money for the Papers I read, Madam, and that's more than you can say.

Miss. Miss, Miss, my Papers are paid for too by somebody, tho' I don't pay for them; I don't suppose the Old Woman, as you call her, sends 'em about at her own Expence; but I'd have you to know, Miss, I value my Money as little as you in my Country's Cause, and rather than have no Army, I would part with every Farthing of these Sixteen Shillings to maintain it.

Miss Stitch. And if my Sweet-heart was to Vote for the Colonel, tho' I like this Fan of all the Fans I ever saw in my Life, I would tear it all to Pieces, because it was his *Valentine's* Gift to me. ——— Oh! Heavens! I have torn my Fan; I would not have torn my Fan for the World! Oh! my poor dear Fan! ——— I wish all Parties were at the Devil, for I am sure I shall never get a Fan by them.

Miss. Notwithstanding all you have said, Madam, I should be a Brute not to pity you under this Calamity; comfort your self, Child, I have a Fan the exact Fellow to it; if you will bring your Sweetheart over to Vote for the Colonel, you shall have it.

Miss Stitch. And can I sell my Country for a Fan? What's my Country to me? I shall never get a Fan by it, ——— And will you give it me for nothing?

Miss. I'll make you a free Present of it.

Miss Stitch. I am ashamed of your Conquest, but I'll take the Fan.

Miss. And now, my Dear, we'll go and drink a Dish of Tea together;

And let all Parties blame 'me, if they can,
Who're brib'd by Honours trifling as a Fan,

[*Ex. Misses.*]

Trap.

Trap. There ends Act the Fourth. If you want to know the Moral of this, the Devil must be in you: Faith, this Incident of the Fan struck me so strongly, that I was once going to call this Comedy by the Name of the Fan. But, come, now for Act the Fifth.

Prompt. Sir, the Player who is to begin it is just stept aside on some Business; he begs you would stay a few Minutes for him.

Trap. Come, *Fustian*, you and I will step into the Green Room, and Chat with the Actresses meanwhile.

Fust. But don't you think these Girls improper Persons to talk of Parties?

Trap. Sir, I assure you it is not out of Nature: And I have often heard these Affairs canvas'd by Men, who had not one whit more Understanding than these Girls.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Trapwit, *Fustian*, and *Sneer-well*.

Trap. FIE upon't, fie upon't, make no Excuses.

Sneer. Consider, Sir, I am my own Enemy.

Trap. I do consider that you might have past your time, perhaps here as well as in another Place.

Sneer. But I hope I have not transgress'd much—

Trap. All's over, Sir; all's over; you might as well have stay'd away entirely; the Fifth Act's beginning, and the Plot's at an End.

Sneer. What's the Plot at an End before the Fifth Act is begun?

Trap.

Trap. No, no, no, no, I don't mean at an end, — but we are so far advanced in it, that it will be impossible for you to comprehend or understand any thing of it.

Fust. You have too mean an Opinion of Mr. *Sneerwell's* Capacity; I'll engage he shall understand as much of it as I, who have heard the other four.

Trap. Sir, I can't help your want of Understanding, or Apprehension; 'tis not my Fault if you cannot take a hint, Sir; would you have a Catastrophe in every Act? Oons and the Devil, have not I promised you, you should know all by and by — but you are so impatient. —

Fust. I think you have no Reason to complain of my want of Patience; Mr. *Sneerwell*, be easy; 'tis but one short Act before my Tragedy begins; and that I hope will make you amends for what you are to undergo before it.

Trapwit, I wish you would begin.

Trap. I wish so too. Come, Prompter, are the Members in their Chairs?

Prompt. Yes, Sir.

Trap. Then carry them over the Stage; but hold, hold, hold, where is the Woman to strew the Flowers?

[*The Members are carried over the Stage.*]

Hollow, Mob, Hollow, Hollow; Oons, Mr. *Prompter*, you must get more Mob to Hollow, or these Gentlemen will never be believed to have had the Majority.

Prompt. Sir, I can get no more Mob, all the rest of the Mob, are gone to St *James's* Park to see the Show.

Sneer. Pray Mr. *Trapwit*, who are these Gentlemen in the Chairs?

Trap. Ay, Sir, this is your staying away so long; if you had been here the first four Acts, you would have known who they were.

Fust.

Fust. Dear *Sneerwell*, ask him no more Questions; if you enquire into every Absurdity you see, we shall have no Tragedy to-day.

Trap. Come, Mr. Mayor and Mrs. Mayorefs.

Enter Mayor and Mrs. Mayorefs.

Mayor. So, now you have undone your self your own way; you have made me Vote against my Conscience and Interest too, and now I have lost both Parties.

Mrs. May. How have you lost both Parties?

Mayor. Why, my Lord will never remember my Voting for him, now he has lost the Day; and Sir *Harry*, who has won it, will never forgive my voting against him: Let which Side will be uppermost, I shall have no Place till the next Election.

Mrs. May. It will be your own Fault then, Sir; for you have it now in your Power to oblige my Lord more than ever; go and return my Lord and the Colonel as duly elected, and I warrant you I do your Business with him yet.

May. Return 'em, my Dear! Why there was a Majority of two or three score against 'em.

Mrs. May. A Fig for a Majority of two or three score; if there had been a Majority of as many Hundreds, you'll never be call'd to an Account for returning them; and when you have return'd 'em, you'll have done all in your Power: How can you expect that great Men should do any thing to serve you, if you stick at any thing to serve them.

Mayor. My Conscience boggles at this thing ——— but yet it is impossible I should ever get any thing by the other Side.

Mrs. May. Ay, let that satisfy your Conscience, that it is the only way to get any thing.

Mayor. Truly, I think it has.

Sneer. I think, Mr. *Trapwit*, Interest would be a better Word there than Conscience.

Trap. Ay, Interest, or Conscience, they are Words of the Meaning: But I think Conscience rather politer of the two, and most used at Court.

Mrs. May. Besides it will do a Service to your Town, for half of them must be carried to London at the Candidates Expence, and I dare swear there is not one of them, whatever Side he votes of, but would be glad to put the Candidate to as much Expence as he can in an honest way.

[Exit Mayor.]

Enter Miss crying.

Miss. Oh, Mama, I have grieved my self to Death at the Court-Party's losing the Day; for if the others should have a Majority in the House, what would become of us? Alas! we should not go to London.

Mrs. May. Dry up your Tears, my Dear, all will be well; your Father shall return my Lord and the Colonel; and we shall have a controverted Election; and we will go to London, my Dear.

Miss. Shall we go to London? Then I am easy; but if we had staid here, I should have broke my Heart for the Love of my Country. ——— Since my Father returns them, I hope Justice will find some Friends above where People have Sense enough to know the right Side from the left; however, happen what will, there is some Consolation in going to London.

Mrs. May. But I hope you have consider'd well what my Lord told you; that you will not scruple going into Keeping: Perhaps you will have it in your Power to serve your Family, and it would be a great Sin not to do all you can for your Family.

Miss. I have dreamt, of nothing but Coaches and fix, and Balls, and Treats, and Shows, and Masquerades ever since.

Fust. Dreamt, Sir! Why I thought the Time of your Comedy had been confined to the same Day, Mr. Trapwit.

Trap. No, Sir, it is not; but suppose it was, might she not have taken an After-noon's Nap?

Sneer.

PASQUIN.

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Sneer. Ay, or Dreamt waking, as several People do.

Enter Lord Place and Colonel Promise.

L. Place. Madam, I am come to take my Leave of you; I am very sensible of my many Obligations to you, and shall remember them till the next Election, when I will wait on you again; nay, I don't question but we shall carry our Point yet, thro' they have given us the Trouble of a Petition.

Mrs. May. No, no, my Lord, you are not yet reduced to that; I have prevail'd on my Husband to return you and the Colonel.

L. Place. To return us, Madam?

Mrs. May. Yes, my Lord, as duly elected; and when we have return'd you so, it will be your own Fault if you don't prove your self so.

L. Place. Madam, this News has so transported my Spirits, that I fear some ill Effect, unless you instantly give me a Dram.

Mrs. May. If your Lordship please to walk with me into my Closet, I'll equip your Lordship. *[Exit.*

Trap. How do you like that Dram, Sir?

Sneer. Oh! most excellent!

Fust. I can't say so, unless I tasted it.

Trap. Faith, Sir, if it had not been for that Dram, my Play had been at an end.

Fust. The Devil take the Dram, with all my Heart.

Trap. Now, Mr. *Fustian*, the Plot, which has hitherto been only carried on by Hints, and open'd itself like the infant Spring by small and imperceptible Degrees to the Audience, will display itself, like a Ripe Matron in its full Summer's Bloom; and cannot, I think, fail with its attractive Charms, like a Loadstone, to catch the Admiration of every one like a Trap, and raise an Applause like Thunder, till it makes the whole House like a Hurricane. I must desire a strict Si-

lence through this whole Scene. Colonel stand you still on this side of the Stage; and Miss, do you stand on the opposite. — There, now look at each other.

[*Along Silence here.*]

Fust. Pray, Mr. *Trapwit*, is no body ever to speak again?

Trap. Oh! the Devil! You have interrupted the Scene; after all my Precautions the Scene's destroy'd; the best Scene of Silence that ever was pen'd by Man. Come, come, you may speak now; you may speak as fast as you please.

Col. Madam, the Army is very much obliged to you for the Zeal you shew for it: Me it has made your slave for ever; nor can I ever think of being happy, unless you consent to marry me.

Miss. Ha! and can you be so generous to forgive all my ill Usage of you?

Fust. What ill Usage, Mr. *Trapwit*? For if I mistake not, this is the first Time these Lovers spoke to one another.

Trap. What ill Usage, Sir? a great deal, Sir.

Fust. When, Sir? Where, Sir?

Trap. Why, behind the Scenes, Sir. What, would you have every Thing brought upon the Stage? I intend to bring ours to the Dignity of the *French* Stage; and I have *Horace's* Advice of my Side; we have many Things both said and done in our Comedies, which might be better perform'd behind the Scenes: The *French*, you know, banish all Cruelty from their Stage; and I don't see why we should bring on a Lady in ours, practising all manner of Cruelty upon her Lover: beside, Sir, we do not only produce it, but encourage it; for I could name you some Comedies, if I would, where a Woman is brought in for four Acts together, behaving to a worthy Man in a Manner for which she almost deserves to be hang'd; and in the fifth, forsooth, she is rewarded with him for a Husband: Now, Sir, as I know this hits some Tastes, and am willing to oblige all, I have given every

every Lady a Latitude of thinking mine has behaved in whatever Manner she would have her.

Sneer. Well said, my little *Trap*: But pray let us have the Scene.

Trap. Go on, Miss, if you please.

Miss. I have struggled with my self to put you to so many Trials of your Constancy; nay, perhaps have indulged my self a little too far in the innocent Liberties of abusing you, tormenting you, coqueting, lying, and jilting; which as you are so good to forgive, I do faithfully promise to make you all the amends in my Power, by making you a good Wife.

Trap. That single Promise, Sir, is more than any of my Brother Authors had ever the Grace to put into the Mouth of any of their fine Ladies yet; so that the Hero of a Comedy is left in a much worse Condition than the Villain of a Tragedy, and I would chuse rather to be hang'd with the one, than married with the other.

Sneer. Faith, *Trapwit*, without a Jest, thou art in the right on't.

Fust. Go on, go on, dear Sir, go on.

Col. And can you be so generous, so great, so good? Oh! load not thus my Heart with Obligations, lest it sink beneath its Burden; Oh! could I live a hundred thousand Years, I never could repay the Bounty of that last Speech; Oh! my Paradise!

Eternal Honey drops from off your Tongue!
And when you spoke, then *Farinelli* sung!

Trap. Open your Arms, Miss, if you please; remember you are no Coquet now: How pretty this looks! don't it? [*Mimicking her.*] Let me have one of your best Embraces, I desire; do it once more, pray—There, there, that's pretty well; you must practise this behind the Scenes.

[*Exeunt Miss and Col.*]

Sneer. Are they gone to practise now, Mr. *Trapwit*?

Trap. You're a Joker, Mr. *Sneerwell*; you're a Joker.

Enter L. Place, Mayor, and Mrs. Mayorefs.

L. Place. I return you my hearty Thanks, Mr. Mayor, for this Return; and in return of the Favour I will certainly do you a very good Turn very shortly.

Fust. I wish the Audience don't do you an ill Turn, Mr. Trapwit, for that last Speech.

Sneer. Yes, faith, I think I would cut out a Turn or two.

Trap. Sir, I'll sooner cut off an Ear or two; Sir, that's the very best Thing in the whole Play—— Come, enter the Colonel and Miss—— Married.

Sneer. Upon my Word they have been very expeditious.

Trap. Yes, Sir, the Parson understands his Business, he has ply'd several Years at the Fleet.

[Enter Colonel and Miss.

[They kneel.

Col. } Sir and Madam, your Blessing.

Miss. }

Mayor. }

Mrs. May. }

Ha!

Col. Your Daughter, Sir and Madam, has made me the happiest of Mankind.

Mrs. May. Colonel, you know you might have had my Consent; Why did you chuse to marry without it? However I give you both my Blessing.

Mayor. And so do I.

L. Place. Then call in my Brother Candidates, we will spend this Night in Feast and Merriment.

Fust. What has made these two Parties so suddenly Friends, Mr. Trapwit.

Trap. What? why the Marriage, Sir; the usual Reconciler at the End of a Comedy. I would not have concluded without every Person on the Stage for the World.

L. Place. Well, Colonel, I see you are setting out for Life, and so I wish you a good Journey.

And

And you, Gallants, from what you've seen to-night,
If you are wrong, may set your Judgments right ;
Nor, like out Misses, about Bribing quarrel,
When *better Herring* is in *neither Barrel*.

[*Man. Fust. Trap. and Sneer.*]

Trap. Thus ends my Play, Sir.

Fust. Pray, Mr. *Trapwit*, how has the former Part of it
conducted to this Marriage.

Trap. Why, Sir, do you think the Colonel would ever
had her, but on the Prospekt her Father has from this
Election?

Sneer. Ay, or to strengthen his Interest with the return-
ing Officer.

Trap. Ay, Sir, I was just going to say so.

Sneer. But where's your Epilogue.

Trap. Faith, Sir, I can't tell what I shall do for an Epi-
logue.

Sneer. What! have you writ none?

Trap. Yes, faith, I have writ one, but ———

Sneer. But what?

Trap. Faith, Sir, I can get no one to speak it; the
Actresses are so damn'd difficult to please ——— When
first I writ it they would not speak it, because there
were not double Entendres enough in it; upon which
I went to Mr. *Watts's*, and borrow'd all his Plays;
went Home, read over all the Epilogues, and cram'd
it as full as possible; and now, forsooth, it has too
many in it. Oons, I think we must get a Pair
of Scales and weigh out a sufficient Quantity of that
same ———

Fust. Come, come, Mr. *Trapwit*, clear the Stage if you
please.

Trap. With all my Heart, for I have overstay'd my
Time already, I am to read my Play to-day to six dif-
ferent Companies of Quality.

Fust. You'll stay and see the Tragedy rehears'd, I
hope.

Trap. Faith, Sir, it is my great Misfortune that I can't; I deny myself a great Pleasure, but cannot possibly stay ——— to hear such damn'd Stuff as I know it must be. [*Aside.*]

Sneer. Nay, dear *Trapwit*, you shall not go — Consider your Advice may be of some Service to Mr. *Fustian*; beside he has stay'd the Rehearsal of your Play ———

Fust. Yes, I have — and kept my self awake with much Difficulty. [*Aside.*]

Trap. Nay, Nay, you know I can't refuse you — though I shall certainly fall asleep in the first Act.

[*Aside.*]

Sneer. If you'll let me know who your People of Quality are, I'll endeavour to bring you off.

Trap. No, no, hang me if I tell you, Ha, ha, ha! I know you too well — But, pri'thee now tell me, *Fustian*, how dost thou like my Play? Dost think it will do?

Fust. 'Tis my Opinion it will.

Trap. Give me a Guinea, and I'll give you a Crown a night as long as it runs.

Sneer. That's laying against your self, Mr. *Trapwit*.

Trap. I love a Hedge, Sir.

Fust. Before the Rehearsal begins, Gentlemen, I must beg your Opinion of my Dedication; you know, a Dedication is generally a Bill drawn for Value therein contain'd; which Value is a Set of nauseous fulsome Compliments, which my Soul abhors and scorns; for I mortally hate Flattery, and therefore have carefully avoided it.

Sneer. Yes, faith, a Dedication without Flattery will be worth the seeing.

Fust. Well, Sir, you shall see it. Read it, dear *Trapwit*; I hate to read my own Works.

Trap. [*Reads.*] My Lord, at a Time when Non-sense, Dulness, Lewdness, and all manner of Profaneness and Immorality are daily practis'd on the Stage, I have prevail'd

wait'd on my Modesty to offer to your Lordship's Protection a Piece, which, if it has no Merit to recommend it, has at least no Demerit to disgrace it; nor do I question at this, when every one else is dull, you will be pleas'd to find one Exception to the Number.

I cannot indeed help assuming to myself some little Merit from the Applause, which the Town has so universally conferr'd upon me —

Fust. That you know, Mr. Sneerwell, may be omitted, if it should meet with any ill-natured Opposition; for which Reason I shall not print off my Dedication till after the Play is acted.

Trap. [Reads.] *I might here indulge myself with a Delineation of your Lordship's Character; but as I abhor the least Imputation of Flattery, and as I am certain your Lordship is the only Person in this Nation that does not love to hear your Praises, I shall be silent — only this give me Leave to say, That you have more Wit, Sense, Learning, Honour and Humanity, than all Mankind put together; and your Person comprehends in it every Thing that is beautiful; your Air is every Thing that is graceful, your Look every Thing that is majestick, and your Mind is a Store-House, where every Virtue and every Perfection are lodged: To pass by your Generosity, which is so great, so glorious, so diffusive, that like the Sun it eclipses, and makes Stars of all your other Virtues — I could say more —*

Sneer. Faith, Sir, that's more than I could —

Trap. But shall commit a Violence upon myself; and conclude with assuring your Lordship, that I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient, most devoted, most obsequious, and most obliged humble Servant.

Fust. There you see it, Sir, concise, and not fulsome.

Sneer. Very true, Sir, if you had said less it would not have done.

Fust. No, I think less would have been down-right rude, considering it was to a Person of the first Quality.

Sneer.

Sneer. Pri'thee, *Trapwit*, let's see yours.

Trap. I have none, Sir.

Fust. How, Sir, no Dedication?

Trap. No, Sir; for I have dedicated so many Plays, and received nothing for them, that I am resolved to trust no more: I'll let no more Flattery go out of my Shop without being paid before-hand.

Fust. Sir, Flattery is so cheap, and every Man of Quality keeps so many Flatterers about him, that e'gad our Trade is quite spoil'd; but if I am not paid for this Dedication, the next I write shall be a satirical one; if they won't pay me for opening my Mouth, I'll make them pay me for shutting it. But since you have been so kind, Gentlemen, to like my Dedication, I'll venture to let you see my Prologue. Sir, I beg the Favour of you to repeat the Prologue, if you are perfect in it.

[To a Player.

Player. Sir, I'll do it to the best of my Power.

Fust. This Prologue was writ by a Friend.

PROLOGUE.

WHen Death's sharp Scythe has mow'd the Hero down,
The Muse again awakes him to Renown;
She tells proud Fate that all her Darts are vain,
And bids the Hero live, and strut about again:
Nor is she only able to restore,
But she can make what ne'er was made before:
Can search the Realms of Fancy, and create
What never came into the Brain of Fate.

Forth from these Realms, to entertain to Night,
She brings imaginary Kings and Queens to light;
Bids Common-Sense in Person mount the Stage,
And Harlequin to storm in Tragick Rage.
Britons, attend; and decent Reverence shew
To her, who made t' Athenian Bosoms glow;
Whom the undaunted Romans could revere,
And who in Shakespear's Time was worship'd here;

If

*If none of these can her Success presage,
Your Hearts at least a Wonder may engage:
Oh! Love her like her Sister Monsters of the Age.*

Sneer. Faith, Sir, your Friend has writ a very fine Prologue.

Fust. Do you think so? Why then, Sir, I must assure you, that Friend is no other than myself. But come, now for the Tragedy. Gentlemen, I must desire you all to clear the Stage, for I have several Scenes which I could wish it as big again for.

2d Player enters and whispers Trapwit.

2d Player. Sir, a Gentlewoman desires to speak to you.

Trap. Is she in a Chair?

2d Player. No, Sir, she is in a Riding-Hood, and says she has brought you a clean Shirt. *[Exit Player.]*

Trap. I'll come to her. — Mr. *Fustian*, you must excuse me a Moment; a Lady of Quality has sent to take some Boxes. *[Exit Trap.]*

Prompt. Common-Sense, Sir, desires to speak with you in the Green-Room.

Fust. I'll wait upon her.

Sneer. You ought, for it is the first Message, I believe, you ever received from her. *[Aside.]*

[Exeunt Fust. and Sneer.]

Enter a Dancer.

Danc. Look'e, Mr. *Prompter*, I expect to Dance first Goddess; I will not Dance under Miss *Minuet*; I am sure I shew more to the Audience than any Lady upon the Stage.

Prompt. Madam, it is not my Business.

Danc. I don't know whose Business it is; but I think the Town ought to be the Judges of a Dancer's Merit; I am sure they are on my Side; and if I am not used better, I'll go to *France*; for now we have got all their
Dan-

Dancers away, perhaps they may be glad of some of ours.

Prompt. Hey-day, what's the Matter?

[A Noise within.

Enter Player.

Player. The Author and *Common-Sense* are quarrelling in the *Green-Room*.

Prompt. Nay, then that's better worth seeing than any thing in his Play. [Exit *Prompt*.

Danc. Hang his Play, and all Plays; the Dancers are the only People that support the House; if it were not for us they might Act their *Shakespeare* to empty Benches. [Exit.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Fustian and Sneerwell.

Fust. **T**HESE little Things, Mr. *Sneerwell*, will sometimes happen. Indeed a Poet undergoes a great deal before he comes to his Third Night; first with the Muses, who are humourous Ladies, and must be attended; for if they take it into their Head at any Time to go abroad and leave you, you will pump your Brain in vain: Then, Sir, with the Master of a *Play-house* to get it acted, whom you generally follow a quarter of a Year before you know whether he will receive it or no; and then perhaps he tells you it won't do, and returns it you again, reserving

serving the Subject, and perhaps the Name, which he brings out in his next *Pantomime*; but if he should receive the Play, then you must attend again to get it writ out into Parts, and Rehears'd. Well, Sir, at last the Rehearsals begin; then, Sir, begins another Scene of Trouble with the Actors, some of whom don't like their Parts, and all are continually plaguing you with Alterations: At length, after having waded through all these Difficulties, his Play appears on the Stage, where one Man Hisses out of Resentment to the Author; a Second out of Dislike to the House; a Third out of Dislike to the Actor; a Fourth out of Dislike to the Play; a Fifth for the Joke sake; a Sixth to keep all the rest in Company. Enemies abuse him, Friends give him up, the Play is damn'd and the Author goes to the Devil, so ends the Farce.

Sneer. The Tragedy rather, I think, Mr. *Fustian*. But what's become of *Trapwit*?

Fust. Gone off, I suppose; I knew he would not stay; he is so taken up with his own Performances, that he has no Time to attend any others. But come, *Prompter*, will the Tragedy never begin?

Enter Prompter.

Prompt. Yes, Sir, they are all ready; come draw up the Curtain.

Firebrand, Law and Physick discover'd.

Sneer. Pray Mr. *Fustian*, who are these Personages?

Fust. That in the middle, Sir, is *Firebrand*, Priest of the Sun; he on the Right represents *Law*, and he on the Left *Physick*.

Fireb. Avert these Omens, ye Auspicious Stars!

Fust. What Omens? Where the Devil is the Thunder and Light'ning?

Prompt. Why don't you let go the Thunder there? and flash your Rosin? [*Thunder and Light'ning.*]

Fust.

Fust. Now, Sir, begin if you please. I desire, Sir, you will get a large Thunder-Bowel, and two Penny-worth more of Light'ning against the Representation. Now, Sir, if you please.

Fireb. Avert these Omens, ye auspicious Stars !
Oh *Law* ! Oh *Physick* ! As last Even late
I offer'd Sacred Incense in the Temple,
The Temple shook : Strange Prodigies appear'd :
A Cat in Boots did Dance a *Rigadoon*,
While a huge Dog play'd on the Violin ;
And whilst I trembling at the Altar stood,
Voices were heard i' th' Air, and seem'd to say,
Awake my drowsy Sons, and sleep no more :
They must mean something !—

Law. Certainly they must,—
We have our Omens too ! The other Day
A mighty Deluge swam into our Hall,
As if it meant to wash away the Law :
Lawyers were forc'd to ride on Porters Shoulders ;
One, O Prodigious Omen ! tumbled down,
And he and all his Briefs were sours'd together.
Now, if I durst my Sentiments declare,
I think it is not hard to guess the Meaning.

Fireb. Speak boldly ; by the Powers I serve, I swear
You speak in Safety, even tho' you speak
Against the Gods, provided that you speak
Not against Priests.

Law. What then can the Powers
Mean by these Omens, but to rouse us up
From the Lethargick Sway of *Common-Sense* ?
And well they urge, for while that drowsy Queen
Maintains her Empire, what becomes of us ?

Phys. My Lord of *Law*, you speak my Sentiments ;
For tho' I wear the Mask of Loyalty,
And outwards shew a Reverence to the Queen,
Yet in my Heart I hate her : Yes, by Heav'n
She stops my proud Ambition ! keeps me down
When I would soar upon an Eagle's Wing,
And thence look down and dose the World below.

Law.

Law. Thou know'st, my Lord of *Physick*, I had long
 Been priviledg'd by Custom immemorial,
 In Tongues unknown, or rather none at all,
 My Edicts to deliver thro' the Land;
 When this proud Queen, this *Common-Sense*, abridg'd
 My Power, and made me understood by all.

Phys. My Lord, there goes a Rumour thro' the
 Court,

That you descended from a Family
 Related to the Queen; Reason is said
 T' have been the mighty Founder of your House.

Law. Perhaps so; but we have rais'd our selves so
 high,

And shook this Founder from us off so far.
 We hardly deign to own from whence we came.

Fireb. My Lords of *Law* and *Physick*, I have heard,
 With perfect Approbation, all you've said;
 And since I know you Men of noble Spirit,
 And fit to undertake a glorious Cause,
 I will divulge my self: Know, thro' this Mask,
 Which to impose on vulgar Minds I wear,
 I am an Enemy to *Common-Sense*;
 But this not for Ambition's earthly Cause,
 But to enlarge the Worship of the Sun:
 To give his Priests a just Degree of Power,
 And more than half the Profits of the Land.
 Oh my good Lord of *Law*, would you assist,
 In spite of *Common-Sense* it may be done.

Law. Propose the Method.

Fireb. Here survey this List,
 In it you'll find a certain Set of Names,
 Whom well I know sure Friends to *Common-Sense*;
 These it must be our Care to represent.
 The greatest Enemies to the Gods and Her.
 But hush, the Queen approaches.

Enter

Law.

Enter the Queen, attended by two Maids of Honour.

Fust. What! but two Maids of Honour?

Prompt. Sir, a few carried off the other, but I shall be able to pick up some more against the Play is acted.

Q. C. S. My Lord of Law, I sent for you this Morning;

I have a strange Petition given to me;
Two Men, it seems, have lately been at Law
For an Estate, which both of them have lost,
And their Attorneys now divide between them.

Law. Madam, these things will happen in the Law.

Q. C. S. Will they, my Lord? then better we had none:

But I have also heard a sweet Bird sing,
That Men, unable to discharge their Debts
At a short Warning, being sued for them,
Have, with both Power and Will their Debts to pay,
Lain all their Lives in Prison for their Costs.

Law. That may perhaps be some poor Person's Case,
Too mean to entertain your Royal Ear.

Q. C. S. My Lord, while I am Queen I shall not think

One Man too mean, or poor, to be redress'd;
Moreover, Lord, I am inform'd your Laws
Are grown so large, and daily yet encrease,
That the great Age of old *Methusalem*
Would scarce suffice to read your Statutes out.

Fireb. Madam, a more important Cause demands
Your Royal Care; strange Omens have appear'd,
Sights have been seen, and Voices have been heard;
The Gods are angry, and must be appeas'd:
Nor do I know to that readier Way
Than by beginning to appease their Priests,
Who groan for Power, and cry out after Honour.

Q. C. S. The Gods, indeed, have Reason for their Anger,

And

'And Sacrifices shall be offer'd to them;
 But would you make 'em welcome; Priest, be meek;
 Be charitable, kind, nor dare affront
 The Sun you worship, while your selves prevent
 The Happiness to Men you ask of him.

Enter an Officer.

Q. C. S. What means this hasty Message in your Looks?

Off. Forgive me, Madam, if my Tongue declares
 News for your Sake, which most my Heart abhors;
 Queen *Ignorance* is landed in your Realm,
 With a vast Power from *Italy* and *France*
 Of Singers, Fiddlers, Tumblers, and Rope-dancers.

Q. C. S. Order our Army instantly to get
 Themselves in Readiness; our self will Head 'em.
 My Lords you are concern'd, as well as we,
 T' oppose this foreign Force, and we expect
 You join us with your utmost Levies straight;
 Go, Priest, and drive all frightful Omens hence;
 To fright the Vulgar they are your Pretence,
 But sure the Gods will side with *Common-Sense*.

[Exit cum suis.]

Fireb. They know their Interest better; or at least
 Their Priests do for 'em, and themselves. Oh! Lords,
 This Queen of *Ignorance*, whom you have heard
 Just now describ'd, in such a horrid Form,
 Is the most gentle, and most pious Queen;
 So fearful of the Gods, that she believes
 Whate'er their Priests affirm. And by the Sun,
 Faith is no Faith, if it falls short of that.
 I'd be infallible! And that, I know,
 Will ne'er be granted me by *Common-Sense*:
 Wherefore I do disclaim her, and will join
 The Cause of *Ignorance*. And now, my Lords,
 Each to his Post. ——— The *Rostrum* I ascend,
 My Lord of *Law*, you to your Courts repair;

D

And

And you, my good Lord *Physick*, to the Queen;
Handle her Pulse, potion and pill her well.

Phys. Oh! my good Lord, had I her Royal Ear,
Would she but take the Counsel I would give,
You'd need no foreign Power to overthrow her:
Yes, by the Gods! I would with one small Pill
Unhinge her Soul, and tear it from her Body;
But to my Art and me a deadly Foe,
She has averr'd, ay, in the publick Court,
That *Water Gruel* is the best Physician;
For which, when she's forgiven by the College,
Or when we own the Sway of *Common Sense*,
May we be forc'd to take our own Prescriptions.

Fireb. My Lord of *Physick*, I applaud thy Spirit;
Yes, by the Sun, my Heart laughs loud within me,
To see how easily the World's deceiv'd;
To see this *Common-Sense* thus tumbled down
By Men, whom all the cheated Nations own
To be the strongest Pillars of her Throne.

[*Exeunt Fireb. Law and Phys.*]

Fust. Thus ends the first Act, Sir.

Sneer. This Tragedy of yours, Mr. *Fustian*, I observe
to be Emblematical; do you think it will be understood
by the Audience?

Fust. Sir, I cannot answer for the Audience; tho' I
think the Panegyrick intended by it is very plain, and very
seasonable.

Sneer. What Panegyrick?

Fust. On our Clergy, Sir, at least the best of them,
to shew the Difference between a Heathen and a Chris-
tian Priest. And as I have touch'd only on generals,
I hope I shall not be thought to bring any thing im-
proper on the Stage, which I would carefully a-
void.

Sneer. But is not your Satire on Law and *Physick* some-
what too general?

Fust. What is said here cannot hurt either an ho-
nest Lawyer, or a good Physician; and such may be
nay,

may, I know such are: If the Opposites to these are the most general, I cannot help that; as for the Professors themselves, I have no great Reason to be their Friend, for they once join'd in a particular Conspiracy against me.

Sneer. Ay, how so?

Fust. Why, an Apothecary brought me in a long Bill, and a Lawyer made me pay it.

Sneer. Ha, ha, ha! a Conspiracy indeed.

Fust. Now, Sir, for my second Act; my Tragedy consists but of three.

Sneer. I thought that had been immethodical in Tragedy.

Fust. That may be; but I spun it out as long as I could keep *Common-Sense* alive; ay, or even her Ghost. Come begin the second Act.

The S C E N E draws, and discovers Common-Sense asleep.

Sneer. Pray, Sir, who's that upon the Couch there?

Fust. I thought you had known her better, Sir. That's *Common-Sense* asleep.

Sneer. I should rather have expected her at the Head of her Army.

Fust. Very likely, but you do not understand the practical Rules of Writing as well as I do; the first and greatest of which is Protraction, or the Art of Spinning, without which the Matter of a Play would lose the chief Property of all other Matter, namely, Extension; and no Play, Sir, could possibly last longer than half an Hour. I perceive, Mr. *Sneerwell*, you are one of those who would have no Character brought on, but what is necessary to the Business of the Play. — Nor I neither — But the Business of the Play, as I take it, is to Divert, and there-

fore every Character that Diverts, is necessary to the Business of the Play.

Sneer. But how will the Audience be brought to conceive any probable Reason for this Sleep?

Fust. Why, Sir, she has been meditating on the present general Peace of *Europe*, 'till by too intense an Application, being not able thoroughly to comprehend it, she was over-power'd, and fell fast asleep. Come, ring up the first Ghost. [Ghost arises.]

You know that Ghost?

Sneer. Upon my Word, Sir, I can't recollect any Acquaintance with him.

Fust. I am surpriz'd at that, for you must have seen him often; that's the Ghost of *Tragedy*, Sir, he has walk'd all the Stages of *London* several Years; but why are not you flower'd? ——— What the Devil is become of the Barber?

Ghost. Sir, he's gone to *Drury-Lane* Play-house to shave the Sultan in the New Entertainment,

Fust. Come, Mr. Ghost, pray begin.

Ghost. From the dark Regions of the Realms below,
The Ghost of *Tragedy* has ridden Post;
To tell thee, *Common-Sense*, a thousand Things,
Which do import thee nearly to attend; [Cock crows.]
But ha! the cursed Cock has warn'd me hence;
I did set out too late, and therefore must
Leave all my Business to some other time.

[Ghost descends.]

Sneer. I presume this is a Character necessary to Divert; for I can see no great Business he has fulfill'd.

Fust. Where's the second Ghost?

Sneer. I thought the Cock had crow'd.

Fust. Yes, but the second Ghost need not be supposed to have heard it. Pray, Mr. Prompter, observe, the Moment the first Ghost descends, the second is to rise: They are like the Twin-Stars in that.

[Second Ghost rises.]

2 Ghost.

1 Ghost. Awake, great *Common Sense*, and sleep no more,

Look to thy self; for then, when I was slain,
Thy self was struck at: Think not to survive
My Murder long; for while thou art on Earth,
The Convocation will not meet again.

The Lawyers cannot rob Men of their Rights;
Physicians cannot dose away their Souls:

A Courtier's Promise will not be believ'd;
Nor broken Citizens again be trusted.

A thousand News-papers cannot subsist,
In which there is not any News at all.

Play-houses cannot flourish, while they dare
To Nonsense give an Entertainment's Name.

Shakespear and Johnson, Dryden, Lee, and Row,

Thou wilt not bear to yiled to *Sadler's-Wells*;

Thou wilt not suffer Men of Wit to starve,

And Fools, for only being Fools, to thrive.

Thou wilt not suffer Eunuchs to be hired,

At a vast Price, to be impertinent. *(Third Ghost rises.)*

3 Ghost. Dear Ghost, the Cock has crow'd; you cannot get

Under the Ground a Mile before 'tis Day.

2 Ghost. Your humble Servant then, I cannot stay.

(Ghost descends.)

Fust. Thunder and Light'ning! Thunder and Lightning!
Pray don't forget this when it is acted.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. *Fustian*, why must a Ghost always rise
in a Storm of Thunder and Light'ning? for I have read
much of that Doctrine, and don't find any mention of
such Ornaments.

Fust. That may be, but they are very necessary. They
are indeed properly the Paraphernalia of a Ghost.

Sneer. But, pray, whose Ghost was that?

Fust. Whose should it be, but *Comedy's*. I thought
when you had been told the other was *Tragedy*, you would
have wanted no Intimation who this was. Come, *Common-Sense*,
you are to awake and rub your Eyes.

Q. C. S. [*waking.*] Who's there?

Enter Maid of Honour.

Did you not hear or see some wond'rous thing?

Maid. No, may it please your Majesty, I did not.

Q. C. S. I was a-dream'd I over-heard a Ghost.

Maid. In the next Room I closely did attend,
And had a Ghost been here I must have heard him.

Enter Firebrand.

Q. C. S. Priest of the Sun, you come most opportune,

For here has been a dreadful Apparition:

As I lay sleeping on my Couch, methought

I saw a Ghost.

Sneer. Then I suppose she sleeps with her Eyes open.

Fust. Why, you would not have *Common-Sense* see a Ghost, unless in her Sleep, I hope.

Fireb. And if such Toleration

Be suffer'd, as at present you maintain,

Shortly your Court will be a Court of Ghosts.

Make a huge Fire, and burn all Unbelievers,

Ghosts will be hang'd ere venture near a Fire.

Q. C. S. Men cannot force Belief upon themselves;

And shall I then by Torture force it on them?

Fireb. The Sun will have it so,

Q. C. S. How do I know that?

Fireb. Why I, his Priest infallible, have told you,

Q. C. S. How do I know you are infallible?

Fireb. Ha! do you doubt it? nay, if you doubt that,
I will prove nothing — But my Zeal inspires me,

And I will tell you, Madam, you yourself

Are a most deadly Enemy to the Sun,

And all his Priests have greatest Cause to wish

You had been never born.

Q. C. S.

Q. C. S. Ha! say'st thou, Priest?

Then know I honour and adore the Sun!
And when I see his Light, and feel his Warmth,
I glow with flaming Gratitude toward him;
But know, I never will adore a Priest,
Who wears Pride's Face beneath Religion's Mask,
And makes a Pick-Lock of his Piety,
To steal away the Liberty of Mankind.
But while I live, I'll never give thee Power.

Fireb. Madam, our Power is not deriv'd from you,
Nor any one: 'Twas sent us in a Box
From the great Sun himself, and Carriage paid;
Phaeton brought it when he overturn'd
The Chariot of the Sun into the Sea.

Q. C. S. Shew me the Instrument, and let me read it.

Fireb. Madam, you cannot read it; for being thrown
Into the Sea, the Water has so damag'd it,
That none but Priests could ever read it since.

Q. C. S. And do you think I can believe this Tale?

Fireb. I order you to believe it, and you must.

Q. C. S. Proud and imperious Man, I can't believe it.
Religion, Law and Physick, were design'd
By Heaven the greatest Blessings on Mankind;
But Priests, and Lawyers, and Physicians made
These general Goods to each a private Trade;
With each they rob, with each they fill their Purses,
And turn our Benefits into our Curses.

(Exit.)

Fust. Law and Physick. Where's Law?

Enter Physick.

Physf. Sir, Law, going without the Play-House-Passage,
was taken up by a Lord Chief-Justice's Warrant.

Fireb. Then we must go on without him.

Fust. No, no, stay a Moment; I must get somebody
else to rehearse the Part. Pox take all Warrants for me;
if I had known this before, I would have satirized the
Law ten times more than I have.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Fustian, Sneerwell, Prompter, Firebrand, Law and Physick.

Fust. I Am glad you have made your Escape; but I hope you'll make the Matter up before the Day of Action : come, Mr. *Firebrand*, now if you please go on; the Moment *Common-Sense* goes off the Stage, *Law* and *Physick* enter.

Fireb. Oh ! my good Lords of *Physick* and of *Law* Had you been sooner here you would have heard The haughty Queen of *Common-Sense* throw out Abuses on us all.

Law. I am not now To learn the Hatred which she bears to me. No more of that — for now the warlike Queen Of *Ignorance*, attended with a Train Of *Foreigners*, all Foes to *Common-Sense*, Arrives at *Covent-Garden*; and we ought To join her instantly with all our Force. At *Temple Bar* some Regiments parade, The Colonels, *Clifford*, *Thaves*, and *Furnival*, Thro' *Holborn* lead their Powers to *Drury-Lane*. Attorneys, all compleatly arm'd in Brass, These Bailiffs, and their Followers, will join With Justices, and Constables, and Watchmen,

Phys.

Phys. In *Warwick-Lane* my Powers expect me now,
A hundred Chariots, with a Chief in each,
Well-fam'd for Slaughter, in his Hand he bears
A feather'd Dart, that seldom errs in Flight.
Next march a Band of choice Apothecaries,
Each arm'd with deadly Pill; a Regiment
Of Surgeons terrible maintain the Rear,
All ready first to kill, and then dissect.

Fireb. My Lords you merit greatly of the Queen,
And *Ignorance* shall well repay your Deeds;
For I foretel, that by her Influence,
Men shall be brought, (what scarce can be believ'd,)
To bribe you with large Fees to their Undoing.
Success attend your glorious Enterprize;
I'll go and beg it earnest of the Sun:
I, by my Office, am from Fight debarr'd,
But I'll be with you ere the Booty's shar'd.

[*Exeunt Firebrand, Law and Physick.*]

Fust. Now, Mr. *Sneerwell*, we shall begin my Third
and last Act; and I believe I may defy all the Poets who
have ever writ, or ever will write, to produce its Equal:
It is, Sir, so cram'd with Drums and Trumpets, Thun-
der and Lightning, Battles and Ghosts, that I believe the
Audience will want no Entertainment after it; it is as
full of Shew as *Merlin's Cave* itself, and for Wit ———
no Rope-Dancing or Tumbling can come near it. Come,
begin.

[*A Ridiculous March is play'd.*]

*Enter Queen Ignorance, attended with Singers, Fiddlers,
Rope-Dancers, Tumblers, &c.*

Q. Ign. Here fix our Standard; what is this Place
call'd?

1st Atten. Great Madam, *Covent-Garden* is its Name.

Q. Ign. Ha! then methinks we have ventured too far,
Too near those Theaters, where *Common-Sense*
Maintains her Garrisons of mighty Force;

Who,

Who, should they sally on us ere we're join'd
By *Law* and *Physick*, may offend us much.

[*Drum beats within.*]

But ha! what means this Drum?

1st *Atten.* It beats a Parly, not a Point of War.

Enter Harlequin.

Harl. To you, Great Queen of *Ignorance*, I come
Embassador from the two Theatres,
Who both congratulate you on your Arrival;
And to convince you with what hearty Meaning
They sue for your Alliance, they have sent
Their choicest Treasure here as Hostages,
To be detain'd till you are well convinc'd,
They're not less Foes to *Common-Sense* than you.

Q. Ign. Where are the Hostages?

Harl. Madam, I have brought
A Catalogue, and all therein shall be
Deliver'd to your Order; but consider,
Oh mighty Queen! they offer you their All;
And gladly, for the least of these would give
Their Poets and their Actors in Exchange.

Q. Ign. Read the Catalogue.

Harl. [*Reads.*] A tall Man, and a tall Woman, hired
at a vast Price.

A strong Man exceeding dear.

Two Dogs that walk on their hind Legs only, and personate human Creatures so well they might be mistaken for them.

A human Creature that personates a Dog so well, that he might almost be taken for one.

Two Human Cats.

A most curious Set of Puppies.

A Pair of Pidgeons.

A Set of Rope-Dancers and Tumblers from *Sadler's Wells*.

Q. Ign. Enough, enough; and is it possible
That they can hold Alliance with my Friends
Of *Sadler's-Wells*? then are they Foes indeed

To *Common-Sense*, and I'm indebted to 'em.
 Take back their Hostages, for they may need 'em;
 And take this Play, and bid 'em forthwith act it;
 There is not in it either Head or Tail.

Harl. Madam, they will most gratefully receive it.
 The Character you give would recommend it,
 Tho' it had come from a less powerful Hand.

Q. Ign. The *Modish Couple* is its Name; my self Stood
 Gossip to it, and I will support
 This Play against the Town.

1st Atten. Madam, the Queen
 Of *Common-Sense* advances with her Powers.

Q. Ign. Draw up my Men; I'll meet her as I ought;
 This Day shall end the long Dispute between us.

Enter Queen Common-Sense with a Drummer.

Fust. Hey Day! where's *Common-Sense's* Army?

Prompt. Sir, I have sent all over the Town, and
 could not get one Soldier for her, except that poor
Drummer who was lately turn'd out of an *Irish* Re-
 giment.

Drum. Upon my Shoul but I have been a Drummer
 these Twenty Years, Master, and have seen no Wars
 yet; and I was willing to learn a little of my Trade be-
 fore I died.

Fust. Hush, Sirrah, don't you be witty; that is not in
 your Part.

Drum. I don't know what is in my Part, Sir; but I
 desire to have something in it; for I have been tired of
 Doing a great while.

Fust. Silence.

Q. C. S. What is the Reason, Madam, that you
 bring
 These hostile Arms into my peaceful Realm?

Q. Ign. To ease your Subjects from that dire Oppres-
 sion
 They groan beneath, which longer to support
 Unable, they invited my Redress.

Q. C. S.

Q. C. S. And can my Subjects then complain of Wrong?

Base and ungrateful! what is their Complaint?

Q. Ign. They say you do impose a Tax of Thought

Upon their Minds, which they're too weak to bear.

Q. C. S. Would'st thou from Thinking then absolve Mankind?

Q. Ign. I wou'd, for Thinking only makes Men wretched;

And Happiness is still the Lot of Fools.

Why should a wise Man wish to think, when Thought

Still hurts his Pride? In spite of all his Art,

Malicious Fortune, by a lucky Train

Of Accidents, shall still defeat his Schemes,

And set the greatest Blunderer above him.

Q. C. S. Urge'st thou that against me, which thy self

Has been the wicked Cause of? Which thy Power,

Thy Artifice, thy Favourites have done?

Could *Common-Sense* bear universal Sway,

No Fool could ever possibly be great.

Q. Ign. What is this Folly, which you try to paint

In Colours so detestable and black?

It's not the general Gift of Fate to Men,

And tho' some few may boast superior Sense,

Are they not call'd Odd Fellows by the rest?

In any Science, if this Sense peep forth,

Shew Men the Truth, and strive to turn their Steps

From Ways wherein their gross Forefathers err'd,

Is not the general Cry against them straight?

Sneer. This Ignorance, Mr. *Fustian*, seems to know a great deal.

Fust. Yes, Sir, she knows what she has seen so often; but you find she mistakes the Cause, and *Common-Sense* can never beat it into her.

Q. Ign. Sense is the Parent still of Fear; the Fox, Wise Beast, who knows the Treachery of Men,

Flies

Flies their Society, and sculks in Woods,
While the poor Goose, in Happiness and Ease,
Fearless grows fat within its narrow Coop,
And thinks the Hand that feeds it is its Friend.
Then yield thee, *Common-Sense*, nor rashly dare
Try a vain Combat with superior Force.

Q. C. S. Know, Queen, I never will give up the Cause

Of all these Followers; when at the Head
Of all these Heroes, I resign my Right,
May my curst Name be blotted from the Earth.

Sneer. Methinks *Common-Sense* tho' ought to give it up,
when she has no more to defend it.

Fust. It does indeed look a little odd at present; but I'll
get her an Army strong enough against it's Acted. Come,
go on.

Q. Ig. Then thus I hurl Defiance at thy Head.
Draw all your Swords.

Q. C. S. And Gentlemen draw yours.

Q. Ign. Fall on, have at thy Heart. [*A Fight.*]

Q. C. S. And have at thine.

Fust. Oh, fie upon't, fie upon't, I never saw a worse
Battle in all my Life upon any Stage. Pray, Gentlemen,
come some of you over to the other side.

Sneer. These are *Swiss* Soldiers I perceive, Mr. *Fustian*;
they care not which side they fight of.

Fust. Now begin again, if you please, and fight away;
pray fight as if you were in earnest, Gentlemen. [*They fight.*]
Oons, Mr. *Prompter*, I fancy you hired these
Soldiers out of the Train'd-Bands, they are afraid to fight
even in jest. [*They fight again.*] There, there, pretty
well; I think, Mr. *Sneerwell*, we have made a shift to
make out a good sort of a Battle at last.

Sneer. Indeed I cannot say I ever saw a better. —

Fust. You don't seem, Mr. *Sneerwell*, to relish this Battle
greatly.

Sneer. I cannot profess my self the greatest Admirer
of this Part of Tragedy; and I own my Imagination
can better conceive the Idea of a Battle from a skil-
ful

ful Relation of it, than from such a Representation; for my Mind is not able to enlarge the Stage into a vast Plain, nor multiply half a Score into several Thousands.

Fust. Oh! your humble Servant; but if we write to please you, and half a dozen others, who will pay the Charges of the House? Sir, if the Audience will be contented with a Battle or two, instead of all the Raree-fine Shows exhibited to them in what they call Entertainments.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. *Fustian*, how came they to give the Name of Entertainments to their Pantomimical Farces?

Fust. Faith, Sir, out of their peculiar Modesty; intimating that after the Audience have been tired with the dull Works of *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Vanburgh*, and others, they are to be entertain'd with one of these *Pantomimes*, of which the Master of the *Play-House*, two or three Painters, and half a Score Dancing-Masters are the Compilers: What these Entertainments are, I need not inform you who have seen 'em; but I have often wond'ered how it was possible for any Creature of human Understanding, after having been diverted for three Hours with the Productions of a great Genius, to sit for three more, and see a Set of People running about the Stage after one another, without speaking one Syllable, and playing several Juggling Tricks, which are done at *Fawks's* after a much better manner; and for this, Sir, the Town does not only pay additional Prices, but lose several fine Parts of their best Authors, which are cut out to make room for the said Farces.

Sneer. It's very true, and I have heard a hundred say the same thing, who never fail'd being present at them.

Fust. And while that happens they will force any Entertainment upon the Town they please, in spite of its Teeth. [*Ghost of Common-Sense rises.*] Oons, and the Devil, Madam! What's the meaning of this? You have left out a Scene; was ever such an Absurdity,

dity, as for your Ghost to appear before you are kill'd.

Ghost. I ask Pardon, Sir, in the Hurry of the Battle I forgot to come and kill my self.

Fust. Well, let me wipe the Flour off your Face then; and now if you please Rehearse the Scene; take care you don't make this Mistake any more tho'; for it would inevitably damn the Play, if you should. Go to the Corner of the Scene, and come in as if you had lost the Battle.

Q. C. S. Behold the Ghost of *Common-Sense* appears.

Fust. 'Sdeath, Madam, I tell you you are no Ghost, You are not kill'd.

Q. C. S. Deserted and forlorn, where shall I fly?
The Battle's lost, and so are all my Friends.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Madam not so, still have you one Friend left.

Q. C. S. Why, what art thou?

Poet. Madam, I am a Poet.

Q. C. S. Whoe'er thou art, if thou'rt a Friend to Misery,

Know *Common-Sense* disclaims thee.

Poet. I have been damn'd

Because I was your Foe, and yet I still

Courted your Friendship with my utmost Art.

Q. C. S. Fool, thou wert damn'd because thou didst pretend

Thy self my Friend; for hadst thou boldly dar'd,

Like *Hurlothrombo*, to deny me quite;

Or like an Opera or Pantomime,

Profest the Cause of Ignorance in publick,

Thou might'st have met with thy desir'd Success;

But Men can't bear even a Pretence to me.

Poet. Then take a Ticket for my Benefit Night.

Q. C. S. I will do more, for *Common-Sense* will stay
Quite from your House, so may you not be damn'd.

Poet.

Poet. Ha! Say'st thou? By my Soul a better Play
 Ne'er came upon a Stage; but since you dare
 Contemn me thus, I'll dedicate my Play
 To *Ignorance*, and call her *Common-Sense*:
 Yes, I will dress her in your Pomp, and swear
 That *Ignorance* knows more than all the World. [Exit]

Enter Firebrand.

Fireb. Thanks to the Sun for this desir'd Encounter.

2. *C. S.* Oh! Priest, all's lost; our Forces are o'er-
 thrown,

Some gasping lie, but most are run away.

Fireb. I knew it all before, and told you too
 The Sun has long been out of Humour with you.

2. *C. S.* Dost thou then lay upon the Sun the Faults
 Of all those Cowards, who forsook my Cause?

Fireb. Those Cowards all were most Religious Men,
 And I beseech the Sun to shine upon them.

2. *C. S.* Oh Impudence, and dar'st thou to my Face?—

Fireb. Yes I dare more—the Sun presents you this,
 [Stabs her.

Which I his faithful Messenger deliver.

2. *C. S.* Oh! Traytor, thou hast murder'd *Common-
 Sense*.

Farewel vain World! to *Ignorance* I give thee,
 Her leaden Sceptre shall henceforward rule.

Now, Priest, indulge thy wild ambitious Thoughts;
 Men shall embrace thy Schemes, till thou hast drawn
 All Worship from the Sun upon thy self:

Henceforth all things shall topsy-turvy turn;
 Physick shall kill, and Law enslave the World:

Cits shall turn Beaus, and taste *Italian* Songs,
 While Courtiers are Stock-jobbing in the City.

Places, requiring Learning and great Parts,
 Henceforth shall all be huddled in a Hat,

And drawn by Men deficient in them both.

Statesmen—but oh! cold Death will let me say
 No more—and you must guess & catera.

[Dies.
Fireb.

Fireb. She's gone, but ha! it may beseem me ill
T' appear her Murderer; I'll therefore lay
This Dagger by her Side, and that will be
Sufficient Evidence, with a little Money,
To make the Coroner's Inquest find Self-Murder.
I'll preach her Funeral Sermon, and deplore
Her Loss with Tears, praise her with all my Art;
Good Ignorance will still believe it all. [Exit.

Enter Queen Ignorance, &c.

Q. Ign. Beat a Retreat, the Day is now our own,
The Powers of *Common-Sense* are all destroy'd;
Those that remain are fled away with her.
I wish, Mr. *Fustian*, this Speech be *Common-Sense*.

Sneer. How the Devil should it, when she's dead?

Fust. One would think so, when a Cavil is made a-
gainst the best Thing in the whole Play; and I would
willingly part with any thing else but those two Lines.

Harl. Behold! where welt'ring in her Blood she lies.—
I wish, Sir, you would cut out that Line, or alter it if
you please.

Fust. That's another Line that I won't part with; I
would consent to cut out any thing, but the chief Beau-
ties of my Play.

Harl. Behold the bloody Dagger by her Side,
With which she did the Deed.

Q. Ign. 'Twas nobly done,———
I envy her her Exit, and will pay
All Honours to her Dust,—bear hence her Body,
And let her lie in State in *Goodman's-Fields*.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, I come an Envoy from *Crane-Court*,
The great Society that there assemble
Congratulate your Victory, and request
That firm Alliance henceforth may subsist

E

Between

Between your Majesty's Society
 Of *Grubstreet* and themselves: They rather beg
 That they may be united both in one;
 They also hope your Majesty's Acceptance
 Of certain Curiosities, which in
 That Hamper are contain'd; wherein you'll find
 A Horse's Tail, which has a hundred Hairs
 More than are usual in't; and a Tooth
 Of Elephant, full half an Inch too long;
 With Turn-pike Ticket like an ancient Coin.

Q. *Ign.* We gratefully accept their bounteous Gifts;
 And order they be kept with proper Care,
 Till we do build a Place most fit to hold
 These precious Toys: Tell your Society
 We ever did esteem them of great Worth,
 And our firm Friends: And tell 'em 'tis our Pleasure
 They do prepare to dance a Jig before us.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

My Lords of *Law* and *Physick*, you shall find
 I will not be ungrateful for your Service:
 To you, good *Harlequin*, and your Allies,
 And you, *Squeekaronelly*, I will be
 A most propitious Queen—But ha!

[*Musick under the Stage.*]

What hideous Musick, or what Yell is this?
 Sure 'tis the Ghost of some poor Opera Tune.

Sneer. The Ghost of a Tune, Mr. *Fustian*?

Fust. Ay, Sir, did you never hear one before? I had
 once a mind to have brought the Apparition of Musick
 in Person upon the Stage, in the Shape of an *English* Ope-
 ra. Come, Mr. *Ghost of the Tune*, if you please to ap-
 pear in the Sound of soft Musick, and let the Ghost of
Common-Sense rise to it.

[*Ghost of Common-Sense rises to soft Musick.*]

Ghost. Behold the Ghost of *Common-Sense* appears.
 Caitiffs avault, or I will sweep you off,
 And clean the Land from such infernal Vermin.

Q. *Ign.* A Ghost! a Ghost! a Ghost! haste, scamper
 off, my Friends; we have kill'd the Body, and I know
 the Ghost will have no Mercy upon us.

Omn.

Omn. A Ghost! a Ghost! a Ghost!

[Run off.]

Ghost. The Coast is clear, and to her native Realms
Pale *Ignorance* with all her Host is fled;

Whence she will never dare invade us more:

Here, tho' a Ghost, I will my Power maintain;

And all the Friends of *Ignorance* shall find,

My Ghost, at least, they cannot banish hence.

And all henceforth, who murder *Common-Sense*,

Learn from these Scenes, that tho' Success you boast,

You shall at last be haunted with her Ghost.

Sneer. I am glad you make *Common-Sense* get the better at last; I was under terrible Apprehensions for your Moral.

Fust. Faith, Sir, this is almost the only Play where she has got the better lately. But now for my Epilogue; if you please to begin, Madam.



EPILOGUE.

Ghost. **T**HE Play once done, the Epilogue, by Rule,
Should come and turn it all to Ridicule ;
Should tell the Ladies that the Tragic-Bards,
Who prate of Virtue and her vast Rewards,
Are all in Jest, and only Fools should heed'm ;
For all wise Women flock to Mother Needham.

This is the Method Epilogues pursue,
But we to-Night in every thing are new.
Our Author then in Jest throughout the Play,
Now begs a serious Word or two to say.
Banish all Childish Entertainments hence ;
Let all that boast your Favour have pretence,
If not to sparkling Wit, at least to Sense.
With soft Italian Notes indulge your Ear,
But let those Singers, who are bought so dear,
Learn to be civil for their Cheer at least ;
Nor use like Beggars those who give the Feast.
And tho' while Musick for her self may carve,
Poor Poetry, her Sister-Art, must starve ;
Starve her, at least, with Shew of Approbation,
Nor slight her, while you search the whole Creation,
For all the tumbling-Scum of every Nation.

Can the whole World in Science match our Soil ?
Have they a Locke, a Newton, or a Boyle ?
Or dare the greatest Genius of their Stage,
With Shakespear, or immortal Ben engage ?

Content with Nature's Bounty, do not crave
The little which to other Lands she gave ;
Nor, like the Cock, a Barley-Corn prefer
To all the Jewels which you owe to her.